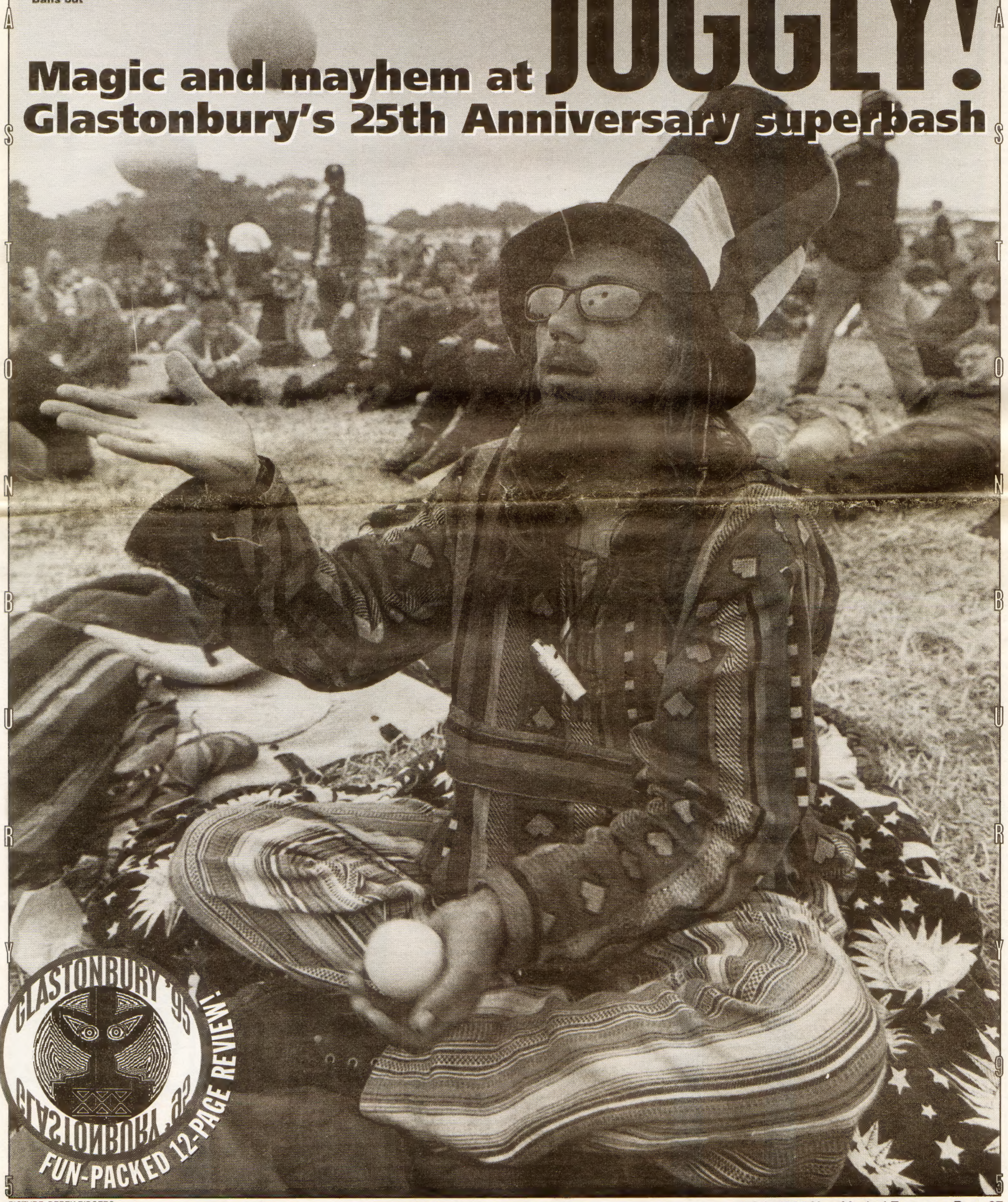
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Balls out

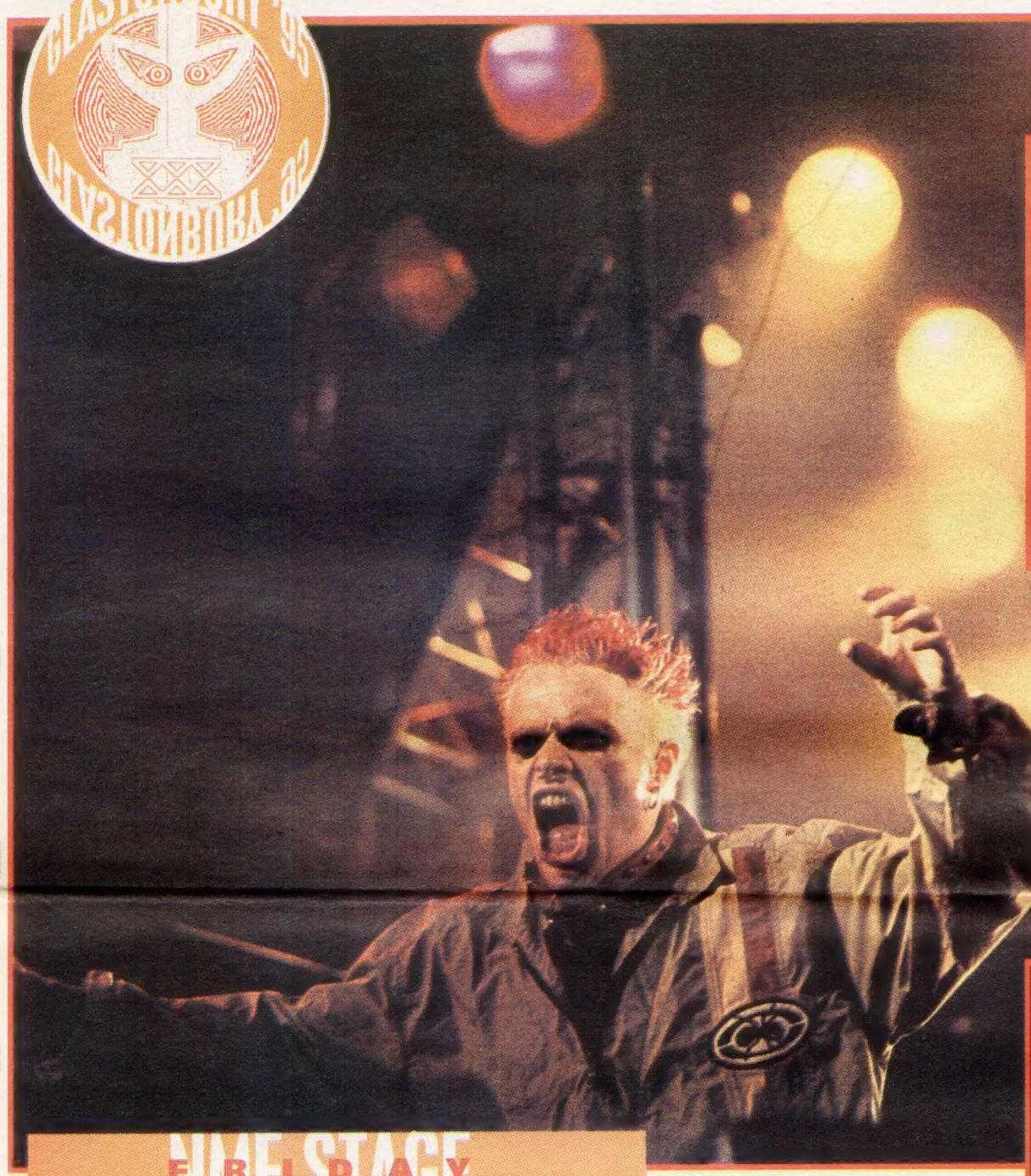
LOVELY JUGGLY!

Magic and mayhem at Glastonbury's 25th Anniversary superbash



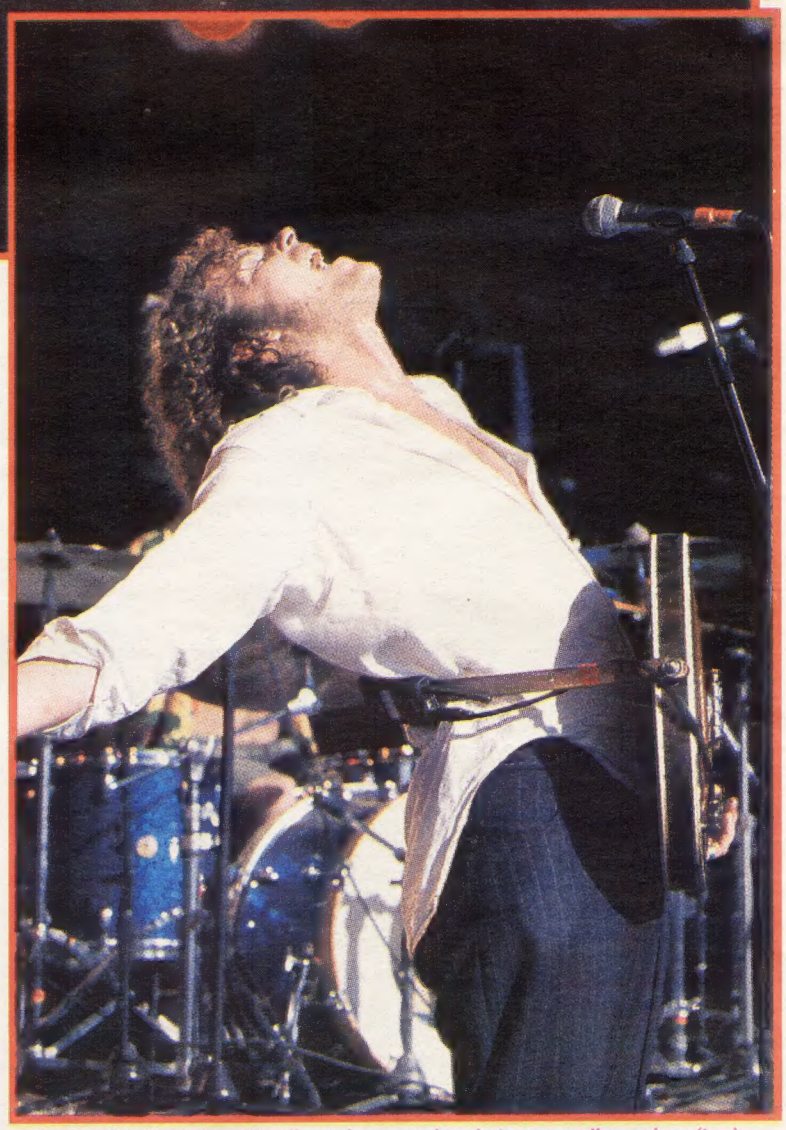
PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

● Not such a good year for the Roses but, hey!, Pulp pulled on their finest trousers and Glastonbury '95 was all systems go. And what a 25th anniversary it turned out to be. While a hundred or so thousand of you intrepid party-goers trudged into the Vale Of Avalon, utterly determined to have the time of your lives, NME whizzed Supergrass on-site in the Bratcopter, Noel Gallagher took to modelling this year's finest line in dufflecoats, Evan Dando made a complete dufus of himself as usual, Robbie from Take That brushed up on his footie skills, the new dance tent heaved to groaning, Orbital and Prodigy rocked the clouds from the skies, the portabogs stank to heaven and higher, devilish demons and scary dragons chased freaked-out trippers all the way to the Green Field, tent city rose to salute the burning sun, and, amidst all this glorious, mind-frazzling madness on Sir Michael Eavis' farm, one question echoed around the length and breadth of the entire site: who were those masked Mancs who gatecrashed the party?



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

PICTURES: KEVIN CUMMINS



Joker's wild: Keith from Prodigy takes your heads to a new dimension; (top) those Supermancs annoy Dodgy; (above) Nigel Dodgy has a bliss attack

NME STAGE FRIDAY

OH INDIETASTIC day! The sun is out, the sky is blue, it's beautiful and so are you! And **DIE TOTEN HOSEN** are on soon!

The perennial secret of success at Glastonbury, it will become increasingly clear, is having the ability to connect (cough) spiritually with your audience and keep things simple and stadium rock. Alas, this audience is not up for the spirit of **DELTA NINE**'s '93 shouty collision pop, **SCARFO**'s abrasive Weller-tinged hardcore, or the sub-Nirvana tunefulness of **BLAMELESS**. At least Japanese Kamikazecore pioneers **THE BOREDOMS** have the guts to just be totally, ridiculously out there. As two drummers flail randomly as if drowning in acid, the singer leaps like an electrocuted foetus through angles unknown to conventional geometry or gymnastics, completely at odds with every beat of his band's utterly bizarre space hardcore. What larks!

Die Totenhosen complain a lot about playing the *NME* Stage, ungrateful bastards, but at least they and **REEF** manage to inspire some kind of semi-animation among the crowd. This is due, in the former case, to a German beer boy following who probably hang around Carnaby Street expecting to meet Johnny Rotten, and in the latter, to an alternative metal contingent that would probably buy a mynah bird if they thought it sounded a bit like Pearl Jam.

ASH hold their own despite the spiralling sunstroke death toll, due to an urgent exuberance, not to mention the odd tune, despite the straitjacket of their crushingly generic indie guitar style. But don't choke on your wind-powered noodle bake, kids, because it is **SHED SEVEN** who are first to lend the day some semblance of louche rock majesty. Obviously believing himself to be a proper rock star now (he's wearing shades!), Rick Witter leers and lolls like a delinquent, triple-jointed Slimfast advert and Paul Banks' writhing slivers of guitar slide effortlessly own your spine. At Glastonbury, belief may well be all you need.

Nevertheless, every year there's a band that appear to officially come of age at Glasto and **DODGY**'s initiation is long overdue. Today, it seems, they've finally got the friendly public they need to fully fuel their inspiration. Which leads to priceless moments, like when everyone in a Dodgy T-shirt climbs on someone else's shoulders for 'Staying Out For The Summer' and the epic version of made-for-Glasto anthem 'Grassman'. Even Gene's Steve Mason, who shuffles on for a guest guitar spot, can't divert our attention from the glory of their finest hour.

SUPERGRASS, who arrived in style in the *NME* Bratcopter, attempt to follow the sublime with the ridiculous, ambling onstage in Stone Roses masks. For once their trio-power seems a little distant until 'Time' slows down the beat to match the beautific mood. Then they whirl us up again for loopy singalongs like 'Alright' and Scrumpy-crunchers like 'Lenny'.

SLEEPER follow with a display of unheard-of aggression, splintering through a they-have-got-some-very-good-songs-actually set with inexplicably huge grins on their faces. **BELLY** are well up for doing the same, hamstrung by a bloated grungey sound, although a soul-scraping 'Judas My Heart' and a speed-crazed 'Slow Dog' win the day.

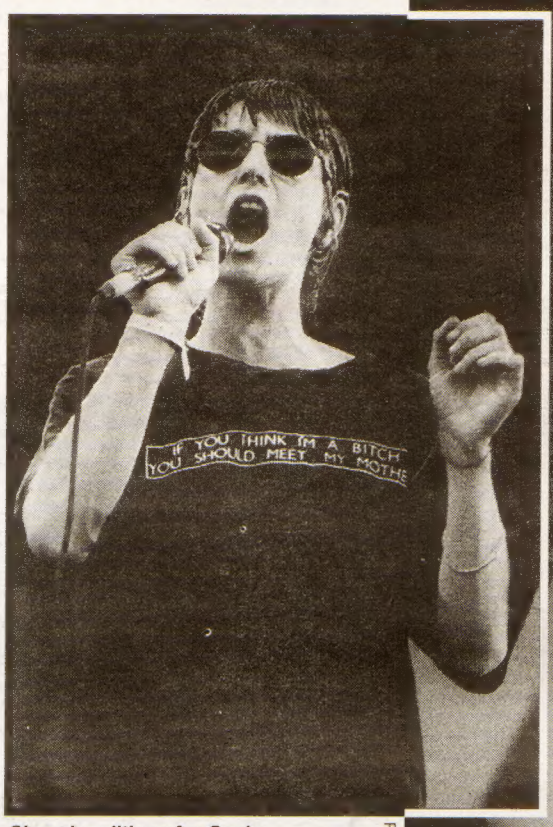
By the time **THE PRODIGY** have made us wait for the chance to finally cash in our marbles at the bank of Satan, there has already been a mass exodus from Oasis on the Main Stage in search of a proper show instead of five glum blokes standing around on stage playing some nice songs. And from the moment Keith Prodders rolls on inside a giant beach ball kicked between Leroy and Maxim, everything you ever wanted from a festival show is scatter-shooting around your senses like a firework display gone wonderfully wrong.

They are, of course, unique – the only band who can create the unified, triumphant atmosphere of an Ibiza rave at the same time as delivering all the elements of a great rock gig. The entire field has its hands in the air while waves of crowdsurfers crash up ahead. Still, all eyes are on Keith, hamming it to death like Jack Nicholson as The Joker, and all ears are pricked in anticipation of the next schizo musical sea-change.

Meanwhile, an unspoken atmosphere abounds of "England is ours and it owes us a good time", of community and ecstasy, eternally drunk on the buzz and the beauty of it all. Or rather, you know when you've been Glastonburied.

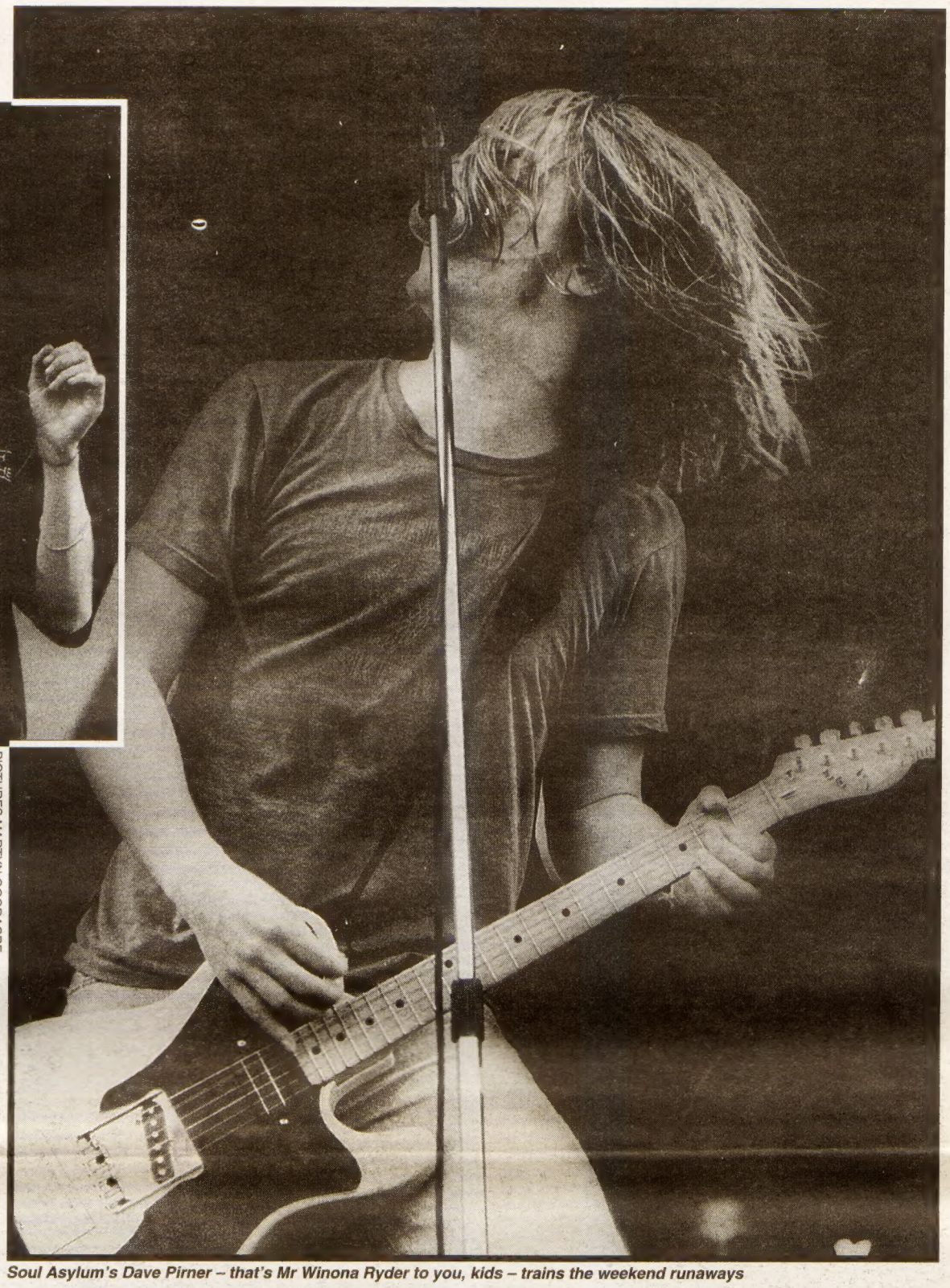
Johnny Cigarettes

MAIN STAGE FRIDAY



Sinead auditions for Oasis

PICTURES:MARTYN GOODACRE



Soul Asylum's Dave Pirner – that's Mr Winona Ryder to you, kids – trains the weekend runaways

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago a few geezers, like, hung loose around these very pastoral parts and – hey presto! – Glastonbury gurned into life. A tricky quarter of a century on, main proprietor Michael Eavis is talking about entering politics, a timely ambition considering the stoned buzz around the site concerning John Major's 'resignation'. And Friday afternoon is surely the kind of ice-cream annihilating environment for a classic Glasters day out.

Just ask Heitham from **SENSER**. He's obviously well into the spirit, yelling, "Begone! Begone f—ing furry hats!" and encouraging all and sundry to stomp on the heads of such apparel wearers. In between, Senser bang out chewy highlights from the 'Stacked Up' album and prove they've been busy since then by revealing a clutch of Fest-unfriendly nouveau wailers/stampalongs (booo!) that may or may not revel in new, trippier inclinations, depending upon which/whose drugs you've taken. Key word: rompy.

There's little argument about what **OZRIC TENTACLES** have been consuming: one skyward One "Wooooooooow, man!" says more than a billion sniffer dogs ever could. Admittedly, canines don't actually speak *per se*, but when a grown man whirls around the stage in a sackcloth dress, waving a flute and doing a quite astounding job of fusing the Jarre with the Jah you have to nod wisely and mumble "Uh, wooooow..."

Like Senser, The Ozrics have this year been promoted from the peripheral Glasters stages. It fits, too; the Ozzers are surely the ultimate in good old-time Glasters entertainment, careering between the groovily innovative and the noodlingly dreadful. Key word: flappy.

There then follows a continuity cock-up of the strangest order. For onstage waddle **THE LIGHTNING SEEDS**, fronted by Ian 'I Didn't Get Where I Am Today By Wearing A Bloody Hemp Frock' Broudie. The Seeds do not noodle. Oh no. Rather, they swank through their pile of pop-spangled soundbites (see 'All I Want', 'Lucky You', 'Pure') with the hearty aplomb of brickies ballet dancing. Key word: clumsy.

Then, following The Seeds' indubitably commercial exercise, 'tis time to get f-f-f-funky once again. Which is a minor tragedy for **WAR**, whose optimum freaky deaky audience buggered off after the Ozrics and is presumably too stoned to contemplate coming back. Man. War are one of the few real testaments to the 25th Anniversary shenanigans by virtue of the fact they split up in about 1832.

And while it would be careless to ignore the high quota of small children who are carried away screaming during the (cough) veterans' set, there is mucho nostalgic joy to be had in skanking along to 'Low Rider', 'Me And My Baby Brother' and, erm, The Other Ones. Key words: "Yoop!

Awlright! It's around this early evening point that the words 'The Longest Bloody' and 'Day' spring not unreasonably to mind. Still, the sun's still seething, the vibes are distinctly cheery and...way-hay! Here comes **SINEAD** 'I say, I say, I say' **O'CONNOR**! And she's got her songs about famine, child abuse, pestilence and the wickedly inflationary price of Shippams fish paste! And she's actually rather good! Eh? No, really!

Heavy on the emotion, delicate on the vocals, smooth with the grooves and – here's the crux – compellingly unpredictable, Sinead's is the thoughtful, contemplative, *revelationary* set of the day. Oh, and she says "Thank you" in a series of utterly daft voices between songs. Key word: "Blimey!"

In fact, Sinead is everything that **SOUL ASYLUM** so miserably fail to be. Trusty old troubadours of punishing touring schedules the universe over, the T-shirts'n'denim outfits prove the Asylum's stout worthiness and services to the wock'n'woll cause. Sadly, the acoustic fondlings, mellow rumblings and blunderbuss all-tur-nut-ive geetar grippings (complete with soaring keyboards, natch) mark these men down as Bon Jovi without the catwalks. Which at least means we're not missing anything at Wembley Stadium. Cheers! Key words: who dares Winonas.

Still, fair play to the amply cutified Dave Pirner – at least he can still play a bit of trumpet and crack gags about writing jazz odysseys. **THE BLACK CROWES**, meanwhile, wouldn't grasp a jazz odyssey joke if it came up to Chris Robinson and kicked him in the shimmying shin. The fact that, to look at the video screen, The Crowes appear to be straight outta 1970 is one thing. The fact that their songs drag themselves like bloodied two-legged coyotes through the desert of aimless, honky-tonking, plinky-plonking, when-the-f— is-this-going-to-end? tedium is quite another. The amiably knockabout 'Hard To Handle' aside, the sheer magnitude of The Crowes' follies – much like a leftover doner kebab in the morning – is unfeasibly hard to swallow. Key word: arses!

"This is for all those long-haired people at the back smoking those funny cigarettes," leers Liam Gallagher after claiming to be better than fookin' Blur. One presumes the young tyke isn't referring to Chris Robinson. Indeed, it's hard to work out what the bally heck he *is* referring to, so often does he leap down from the stage to wave his baggified sleeves animatedly at some poor bugger in the front row.

"Funny," sneers brother Noel. "Double funny." And so it is that **OASIS** crown 18 months worth of excess in all possible areas by cheerily failing to play up to the role of Festie cheerleaders that they've never been. Excellent! They start with a rough-edged, guitar-ripping squall that would make Crazy Horse proud, and then plunge into a vein of stroppy, downright sloppy noise exarcerbated by a mocking wind.

There are new songs! (a fuzzy, ferocious 'Roll With It' – the next single – and a choppy, vibrant beastie called 'Hello' which, in a superb slice of sue-us-if-you-dare bravado melts into Gary Glitter's 'I'm The Leader Of The Gang (I Am)'). (There are 'old' songs, ruff'n'ready-for-anything romps through 'Shakermaker' and 'Some Might Say'. And there are enough twisted one-liners and f—-ed up curios (you stop 'Supersonic' after three bars to 'have a go' at someone in front of 100,000 people? Jeeeesus!) to keep the nation's bootleggers in business until the end of the milennium, at least.

This is the most ragged kind of Glasters glory. Occasionally unpleasant, frequently arrogant, sometimes inspirational and quite probably racing off its nuts, the Oasis machine rumbles to a halt with 'Live Forever'.

And you wonder how much 'forever' Oasis really have left in them. Key words? "Hell, what do *you* think?"

Simon Williams

Meanwhile...

PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN

FRIDAY, 11.15AM: Spearhead on the Pyramid Stage, Neil Lea lecturing in the Green Field on Animal Rights - Empowering People At Local Level and a volleyball exhibition match outside the Hall Of Mirrors. Meanwhile, Joseph looks expectantly into the middle distance. "My girlfriend went to find a place to pitch the tent. She's been gone ages..."

FRIDAY, 3.30PM: Lightning Seeds play *Match Of The Day* on the Pyramid, Reef boogie their way south on the *NME* Stage, while Mathew, Jerome and Ashley engage in entrepreneurial activities, flogging dodgy shades, whistles and balloons. "I'm the one who owns all the stuff," says Jerome, "We've made ten quid in half an hour."

GLASTONBURY 95

MAINSTAGE SATURDAY

AFTER SEVERAL failed attempts to get out of the zipped-up end, Day Two finally crawls out of its sleeping bag only to find that Noel Gallagher's dufflecoat has spread itself over the sky. Several weather forecasters are burned at the stake and beneath a moody sky **EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL** have the task of silencing the rustling of 20,000 rise'n'shine rolling papers.

In her yachting jacket and Laura Ashley dress, Tracey Thorn exudes precisely the kind of Aunty Mellowness that the time of day demands. With Ben Watt repeatedly thanking everyone for listening, they are Children's TV Presenters, strumming through their harmony-clogged back catalogue.

They bring on **JEFF BUCKLEY** for a surprisingly proficient (considering they knocked it up backstage five minutes beforehand) vocally co-mingled rendition of The Smiths' 'I Know It's Over'. And when they depart, Ben'n'Trace leave a medium-sized pool of pleasantness at the foot of the Greenpeace windmill.

Is it whalesong? Is it an Eastern bagpipe caught in a trap? No it's the bloody precocious tonsil acrobat Jeff Buckley and it's time to wake up. The suffering art-babe eyebrows dip. The voice trampolenes off a rugged wedge of guitars and Buckley's away. This is not one of his wilfully plot-lost shows. Paced and focussed, it rises in an arc through the lurve-as-nightmare 'Dream Brother', towards a scarily impassioned trio of heartspilling rockers,'Eternal Life', The MC5's 'Kick Out The Jams' (with Ben Watt back for added crunch) and a screamed-out 'Grace'. At last, Buckley's getting the intensity in there and leaving the arsiness out.

THE BOO RADLEYS present a day-glo contrast to Buckley's flickering soul-searching. Launching into the oddly funky 'I Hang Suspended' they are distinctly Buggles meets The Lightning Seeds. The lime green-legged, Pepsi-voiced Sice struggles with his mic-edelic vocals but with all those chord crafting power pop guitars and the incessantly sunbursting pseudo horn riffs, there's little chance of them coming unstuck.

For anyone uncertain about their status as the afternoon's Cheshire Cats, Martin wears a giant smiley hat, and the climactic run of 'Wake Up Boo!', 'Lazarus' and 'Find The Answer Within' has everyone gleefully throwing their drinks in the air. Timid-elia never lets you down.

So who the funk does Jason Kay think he is? Mr Hyper-Confidence, judging by his backstage display of keeping a football up in the air while singing warm up vocals.

Ssscatabapdelapdoodad-on-me-nut-son – Jason and his **JAMIROQUAI** band do one thing but they do it brilliantly. They are one long, endlessly blissed, sportswear jazz groove capable of changing even the weather.

Look, Jay's a Superfly Guy and he can't help it. "Party people put your hands together and we'll make the sun come out," he proclaims from beneath a modestly gargantuan ganja-ist hat. And hey, the sun does glimmer for an instant, as does the horn section, the flutes skin up and his pro-muso-slickster band soul-jazz off into infinity, stopping off at 'Revolution' and 'Space Cowboy' on the way to the funkomatic didderidoodaddyo work-out 'Our Time's Coming'. For those of a shades-on-the-top of-the-head disposition, The 'Quai are undisputedly the afternoon's champagne moment, especially when Jay puffs that joint into the camera and has a toke on the folks watching at home.

Amusing hats. **PJ HARVEY** has none. Sensuality, however, she has in gore-bucket loads. Suddenly, the herbally infused fresh air atmosphere is invaded by something distinctly unwholesome – the shocking pink cat-suited Cruella De Gothabilly and her Scary Hips Show. The band (the Bad Pips?) plunge into the grotto riffs of 'Monster' and the entire field is dragged into PJ's coffin for 13 sorts of shagging.

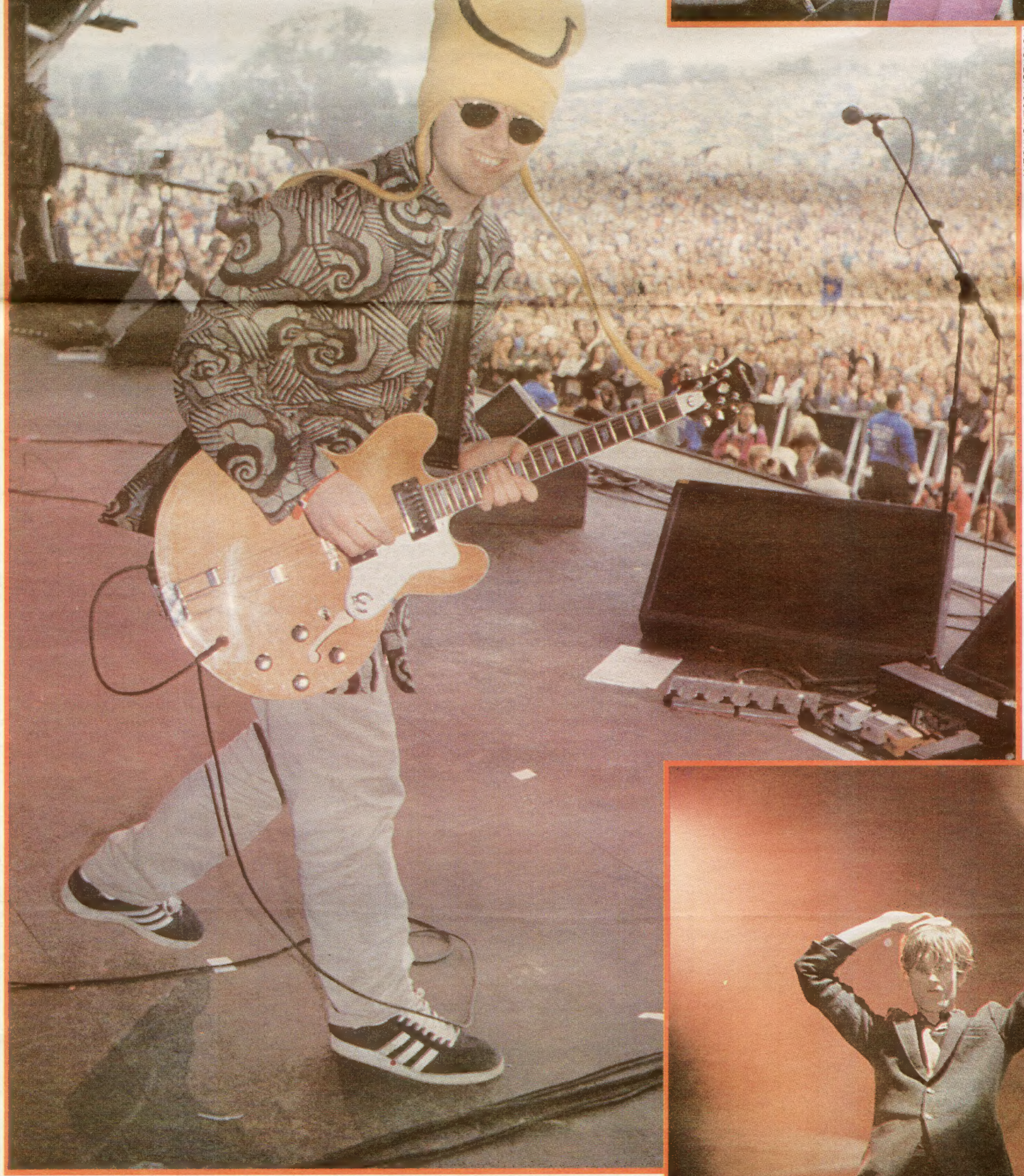
Polly man-rocks like Steve Tyler through a splintering 'Naked Cousin', and a dripping 'Down By The Water' and slaps her arse filthily through the accordionated 'Hook'.

For 'Me Jane' she caterwauls her Tarzan put-downs through a toy loud hailer. Kissing us adieu with the slide guitar-raddled 'Goodnight' she stomps a staff in time like a cross between a mad *Bible*-bashing preacher and a demented drum majorette. The good name of Goth Rock is in safe hands.

From the top of the hill the **ORBITAL** stage set places the Hartnoll Brothers within a giant electrically overcharged machine. At least, if you've been on the Durban Poison weed it does. A triptych of screens assault the retina with EEG signals, CND symbols, amoebas and, erm, washing machine footage. Yes, you can always rely on Paul and Phil for a good balance.

Tonight's musical ride shunts from the lightweight piano chords of 'Forever' and 'Keine Trink Wasser' into the heart of acid stomp madness ('Impact', 'Times Fly'). They carry their eco worries lightly in the occasional stolen speech subliminal allowing a mood of pure communal celebration to pervade.

Paul punches the air as they thunder into an awesome end run of 'Halcyon', 'Belfast' and 'Chime' bathed in red light. Smiley enough to bung in a splice of Bon Jovi's 'You Give Love A Bad Name' at will, and wily enough to leave us with an on screen image of a red-nosed John Major, they're an egalitarian festi-



PICTURES: ROGER SARGENT

Common papal: Smiley suspect Martin Boo (above); gritty in pink: PJ Harvey And H Scary Hips (top) and (left) fanfare for the non-comin' Mancs: the triumphant arrival of Twiggy Stardust saves the day

rave wonder.

Jarvis on the other hand... Well, **PULP** as a replacement for The Stone Roses caused a few frowns amongst the non-camp campers but, from the first overdone Alvin Stardust jab of a pointed finger, JC has Glasto-land on his side. He is Twiggy Stardust. He is the first man ever to wear a tie on stage in hippy central (probably). He jokes with the field dwellers about staying in a gold lame tent. But the man Jarvis is adored.

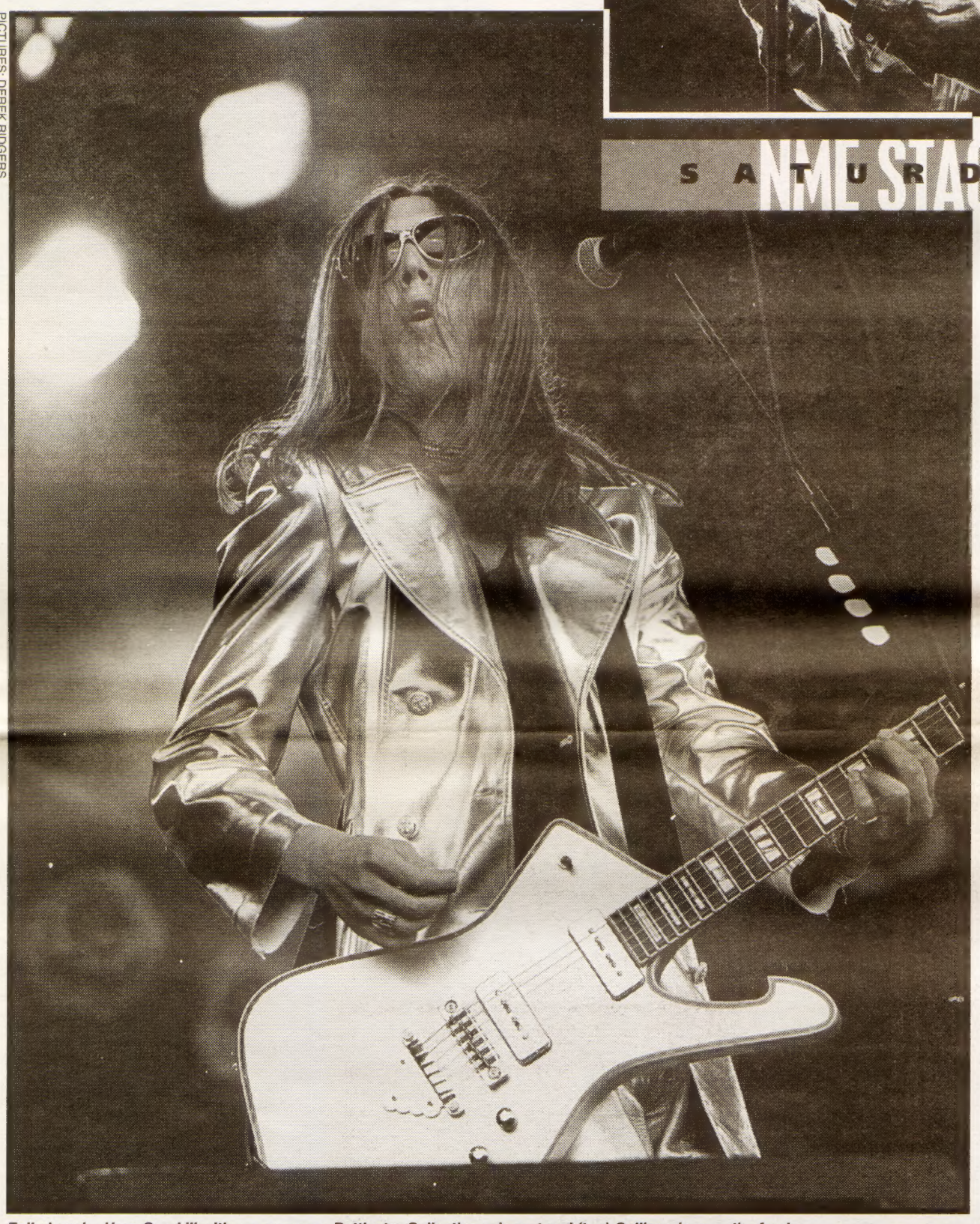
The spotlights sweep the crowd, Jarvis walks on and takes a photo of the common people and the glitter-topped, cheese-keyboarded Pulp slay the doubters with an unstoppable run of mock-melodramatic violin'n'organ climax pop.

'First Time' and 'Monday Morning' are accompanied by screams as Jarvis does the ludicrous leg splits and before the final exultant 'Common People' Jarvis delivers another touching but slighty unstable speach about how, after 15 years, if a "lanky get" like him can end up headlining Glastonbury then anyone can. Forty thousand hearts melt and Pulp have conquered the enorma-gig beastie.

Pulp played a new acoustic song called 'Sorted For E's And Whizz' with lyrics which go, *"Oh is this he way the future's meant to feel/20,000 people standing in a field"*. It isn't the future but on Saturday the present was quite good enough to be going on with.

Roger Morton

PICTURES: DEREK RIDGERS



SATURDAY NME STAGE

THERE ARE programming problems here. For starters, trump cards are played far too early. A rushed four-song set by **SKUNK ANANSIE**, who arrive late on site after running the traditional gamut of wrong passes and wrong car parks, is over by noon when their powerful crowd-surfing metalfunk could easily prove to be headliner material in the near future.

Then fantastic party cheerleaders **ZION TRAIN** and **DREAD ZONE** play a back-to-back mid-afternoon jam, the former namechecking Crass while tossing junglist breakbeats into their dazzling dub cauldron, the latter bouncing techno-reggae thunder off Ennio Morricone and Olde English folk to mighty effect. They even end with John Major's "resignation" speech woven into dub rhythms, an inspired gimmick and one of those perfect Glastonbury Moments. There will be few such gems again today.

The rot sets in with **SPEARHEAD**, the band who seemed to play every stage here, twice! This is Michael Franti's attempt to get rootsy and loose after the fiercely focussed surgical strikes of Hiphoprisy. Just one question: why the shift to loping, sub-Arrested Development grooves and laboured downhome homilies from the man who once blazed a trail of futuristic techno-rap radicalism? Spearhead put on an OK show but Franti's blunting his sword on this misguided and somewhat unconvincing retreat into back-to-Africa populism.

Now, here's **URGE OVERKILL**, and **WEEZER**, known to the crowd as one-hit wonders. The former dress like shit, arrive onstage to the *Battlestar Galactica* theme, crank out umpteen drop-dead Pixies-ish punker anthems like they grow on trees and detonate a stage-diving epidemic on a scale contravening all known laws of physics when that *Pulp Fiction* moment arrives.

The latter dress to painstaking cartoon rock-star perfection, struggle to produce a single decent riff from their oh-so-ironic cock-rock routine and leave 10,000 punters deeply nonplussed even when they hit the *Happy Days* vibe. The way I see it though, dudes, supposed King Of The Geeks Rivers Cuomo has more rock'n'roll in his Buddy Holly glasses than Kingboy Arse, Blackie Sexwank and Thruster McDonkey have in their entire wardrobes.

As for **OFFSPRING**, anyone over 20 wearing those godawful comedy baggy shorts is embarrassing enough, but throw in goofball haircuts plus shouty punk-pop moves and retarded indie bilge is the lamentable result. We already have one Ned's Atomic Dustbin over here, thanks very much.

Who can save us from this downer? **GALLIANO**? Nope, their limp acid jazz meanderings and stoned mumblings about Twyford Down bringing together "the ancient tribes of Britain" is the sort of New Age arse which, as Manic Nicky Wire suggested last year, makes you want to build motorways on every remaining inch of rural England.

So it's down to **THE SHAMEN** to save Saturday's *NME* Stage from ignominy. A weighty responsibility for any headliner, never mind one that has been silent for two years. The good news is, they've reconstructed themselves with undeniable panache: no longer faintly absurd purveyors of annoyingly catchy electro ditties with naff cockney rapping on top, they have matured into confident composers of cinematic techno-soul and sprawling cyberdelic soundtracks. With, erm, naff cockney rapping on top.

At least Mr C is safely prevented from his silly *Thunderbirds* dancing by a stage full of huge inflatable snowflakes and the genuinely lovely opening numbers signal a welcome shift into lushly melodic New Order territory. Then veteran soul diva Victoria Wilson-James arrives to rework old standards like 'Forever People' into atmospheric set-piece epics, greatly assisted by whirling rave lasers and sporadic fireworks cutting the night sky from far-flung corners of the Glastonbury citadel.

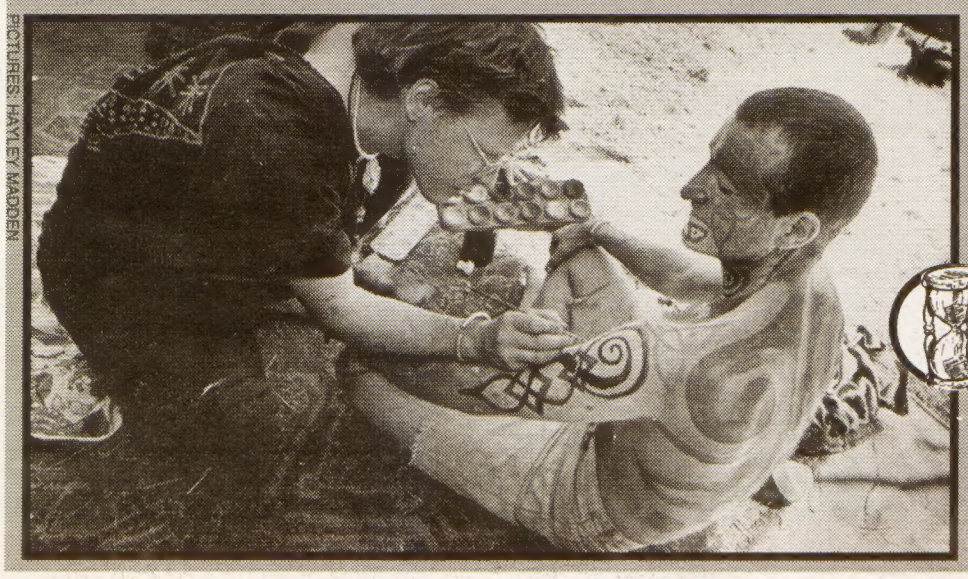
The Shamen seem set to climax in the same triumphant fashion Orbital did here last year and The Orb in 1993. They even wheel on Steve Hillage to jam on their mid-set freeform wig-out. Alas, this is where their newfound cool is well and truly sacrificed to directionless noodling from which they never quite recover. The new, improved Shamen have much in their favour but they're trying to hang-glide before they can crawl, losing sight of the plot along the way.

A perfect metaphor for proceedings on today's *NME* Stage perhaps? Normal service will be resumed as soon as possible.

Stephen Dalton

Foiled again: Urge Overkill with unnecessary **Battlestar Gallactica** *raincoat and (top) Galliano jazz up the freaks*

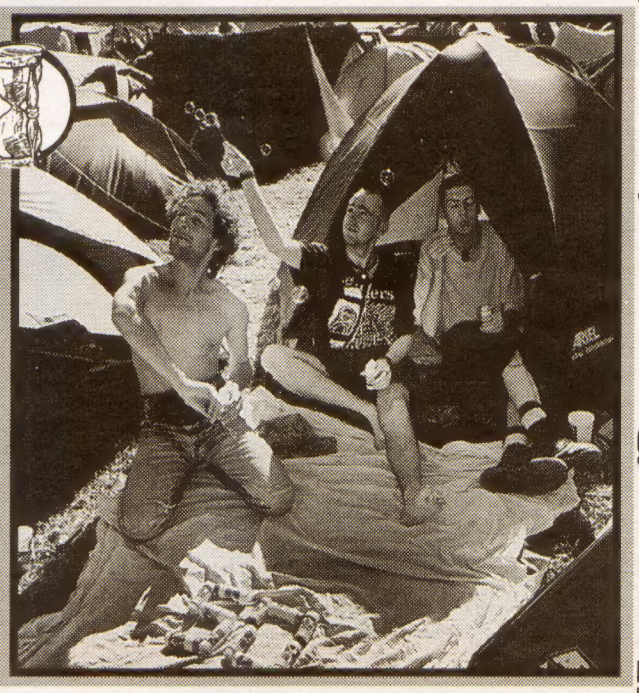
Meanwhile...



PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN

SATURDAY, 6.00PM: Weezer on the *NME* Stage, Difford And Tilbrook on the Acoustic Stage and *The Singing Ringing Tree* on at the Cinema Tent. Blimey. Gerard, Nick and David sell small bottles of bubbles for 50p a time. No apparent reason is given. "They just seem to add to the atmosphere, shrugs Nick.

SATURDAY, 7.15PM: PJ Harvey on the Pyramid Stage, Urge Overkill on the *NME* Stage and Desperate Men And Women: European Health And Safety in the Circus Field. Meanwhile, body-art expert Jim applies the finishing touches to his latest creation upon the ever-willing Ian. "Will it improve my complexion?" he asks. He is only half-joking.



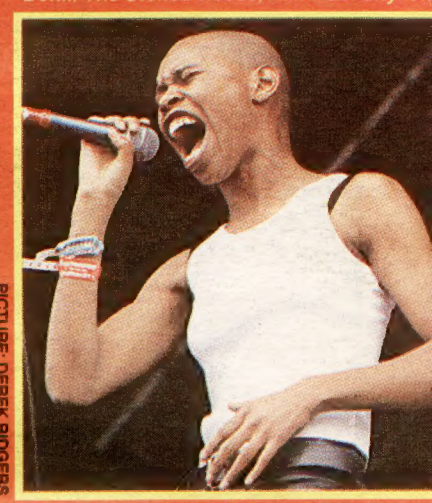
GLASTONBURY 95

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Tricks... in the sticks

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

'Doh... The Stoned Roses, huh? Got any left



PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

Skunk, always a big hit at Glastonbury...

PICTURE: MARTYN GOODACRE

Liam collars himself

PICTURE: MARTYN GOODACRE

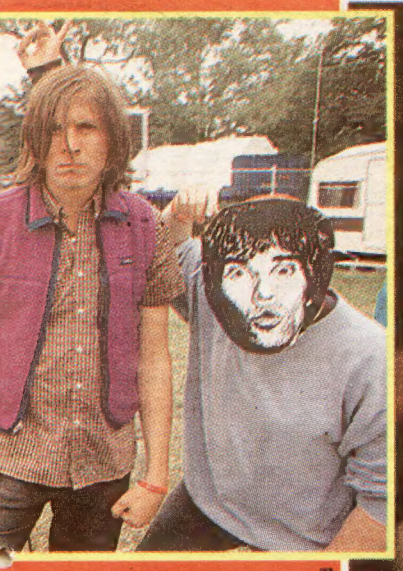
Black Crowes: Chris Robinson's caw deal

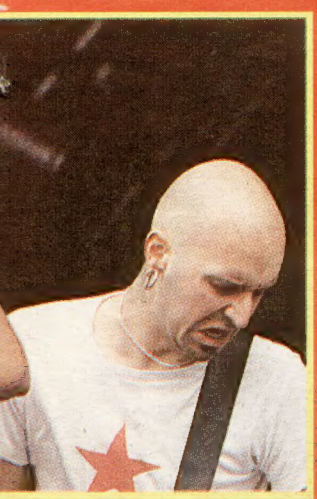
PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

Evan tries to busk his way in: the kids say 'No!''

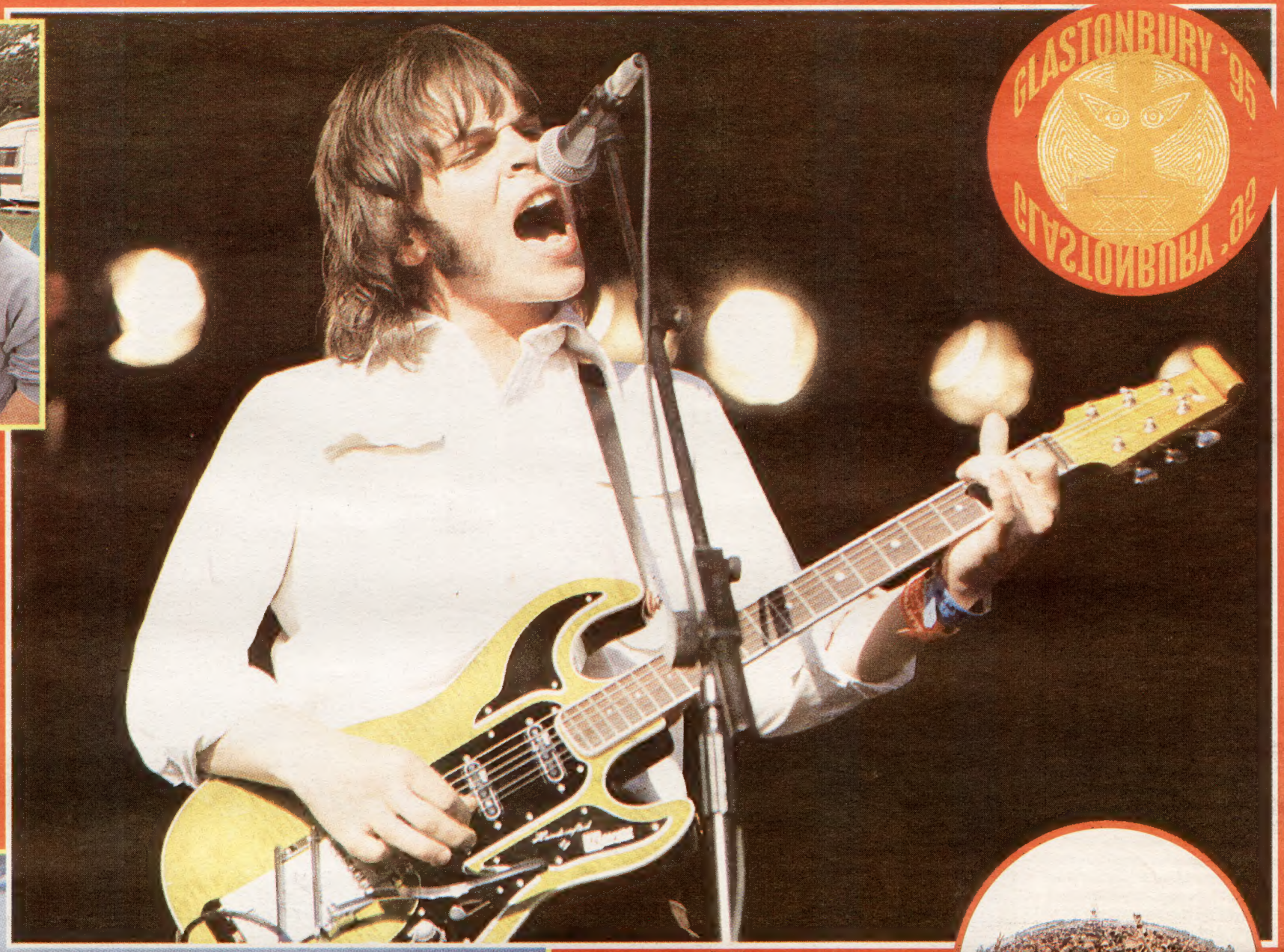
Let it bleep: Saturday night's brotherly vibes from Orbital

GLASTONBURY '95





PICTURES: KEVIN CUMMINS



Supergrass rock the Gazz Stage

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

Local Wells Rotarians enjoy their day out in the Dance Tent

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Pulp, and indeed, Fiction: Jarvis comes across some uncommon people

PICTURE: HAYLEY MADDEN

Page & Plant: their songs remain the same – and their haircuts

MAINSTAGE SUNDAY

THE REQUIRED footwear is the Hush Puppie, the required smoking material is the briar pipe, and the forecast promises frequent outbursts of MOR soft-rockin' with the prospect of songs about spiders later. Welcome to the Main Stage on this, The Day Of The Large Waistline and The Night With The Paunch.

To begin with, however, there is peace. This is down to the soothing image of a middle-aged woman standing unmoved in front of a heavily tattooed crowd.

"This is an arrangement of West Country airs," she says. "See how many you can recognise!" She is the Mr C of the **WINCANTON TOWN BAND**, and after she introduces the immortal 'Psalm 23' ('The Lord Is My Shepherd', Shed Seven fans), it becomes obvious that today, things can only get weirder.

So greet **THE BOOTLEG BEATLES**. Exactly what quantities of powerful drugs have prompted this is a matter for rigorous scrutiny, but they are going down horribly well. There is 'A Day In The Life' and 'Helter Skelter'! And there are, remarkably, only few occasions when we notice that 'John' bears an uncanny resemblance to TV's Steve Wright. The 'assisted' at the back of the field have, frankly, never looked more confused.

It is alleged that **THE SAW DOCTORS** are also a Good Time Band. And, indeed, if one's idea of a good time involves big, flapping shorts, some flogging of superficial Irishisms and the Devil's own accordion, then the Doctors fulfil that function.

If, however, this sounds as appealing as being nailgunned through the spinal column, then their tedious lyrical manipulation of blue skies and rugged scenery rapidly becomes grotesque. Should the independent music fan feel strongly about these matters of topography they should refer instead to Arthur Mee's *Bracing Walks In County Clare*. It is highly recommended.

"Um... this one's about being from Basingstoke and how it's a curse. Oh no it's not. It's about men and women. Sorry, Basingstoke."

TANITA TIKARAM is somewhat confused: she was prematurely passed the poisoned Habitat chalice of respectability and it has done her wrong. It seems to be the mixture of ridiculously happy and self-immolatingly miserable that does the nasty. When Tanita plays 'Twist In My Sobriety', we know where we are. When Tanita plays something called 'The Yodelling Song', however, we know only that there is intelligent life on Planet Bonkers and that Tanita's philosophy ('Live Fast, Die Young, Leave A Comprehensive Thesis On DH Lawrence') has let her down.

But let's do the dinosaur with **PAGE & PLANT**. They can remember when it was all fields round here. They can remember the Treaty Of Utrecht. They cannot, however, remember punk rock.

PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN

The Minds' Jim Kerr (above); The Bootleg John Lennon (right)

Maybe it never happened. The field is filled with those who passed from childhood to late adolescence before the Zep – always up for a mystic noodle – had finished one verse of 'Dazed And Confused'. And they love it. The strangest part of all? With the sun setting, the positively brontosaurian likes of 'Kashmir' begin to make for a pleasantly addled groove. Evidently happy with their work, Jimmy (a sprightly 71) and Robert (still chipper at 67) then disappear to rediscover ancient Eastern religions. This need not concern us... we have Satan to be getting on with.

And here he is: Mr Jim Kerr of the group **SIMPLE MINDS**, brought to you tonight with repeated use of the phrase "LEMMESEEZOSEANDSINTHE-AYARGH", and in association with the International Federation Of Cake And Pastry Makers. He may be big, but, my word, his ego's bigger.

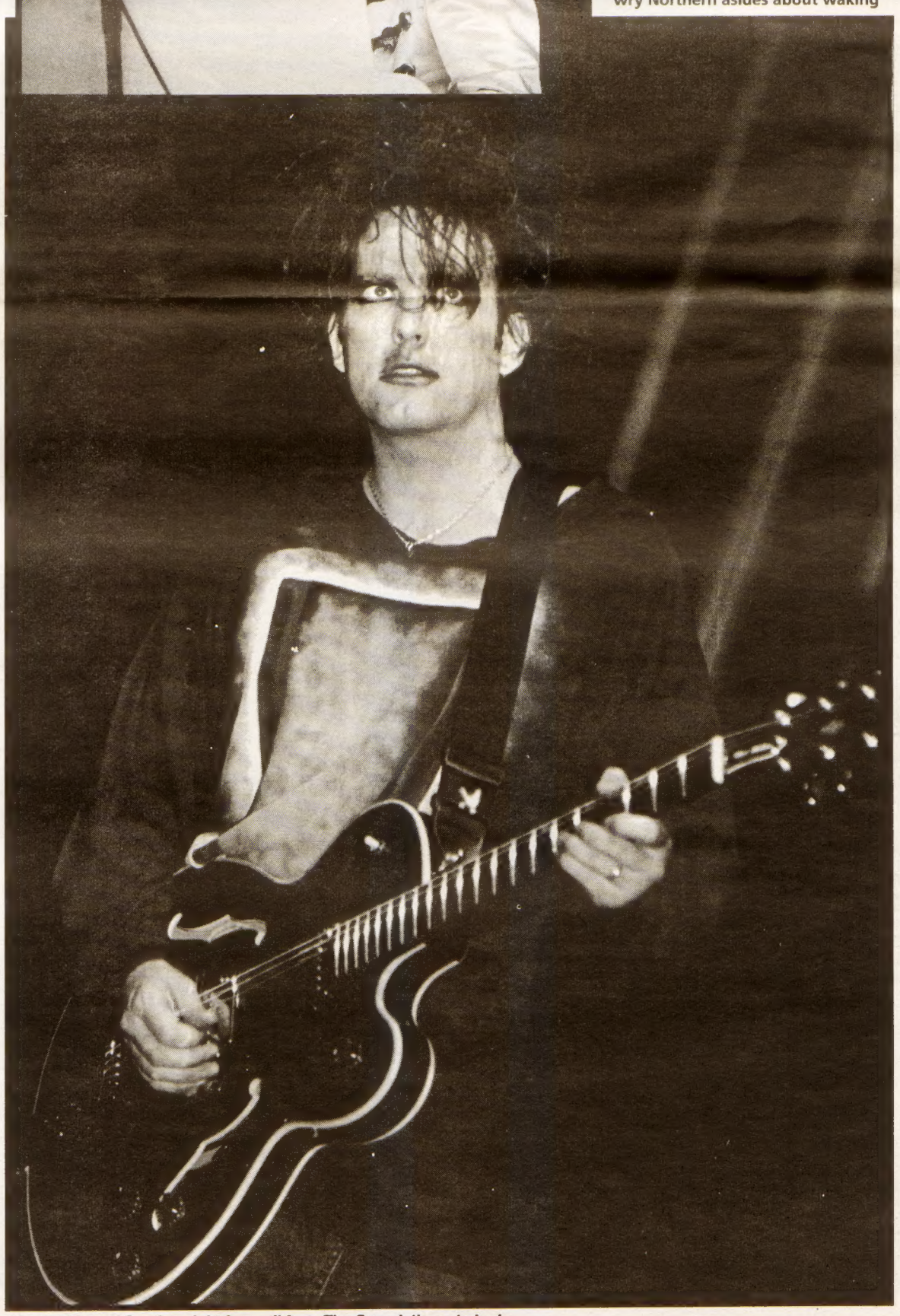
This means, of course, he goes in for the come-touch-me-and-be-healed-ye-blind-and-lame approach. But with each successively bloated song ('She's A River', 'Hypnotised') Simple Minds prove themselves stuffed with bogus sincerity; the band that irony forgot. 'Someone, Somewhere In Summertime' tries to assist them, but Jim is quite obviously beyond saving.

Only **THE CURE** can help us. As the dry ice pours from the darkest recesses of Bob Smith's barnet, it quickly becomes apparent that this individual, unswervingly devoted to the pursuit of the profoundly miserable, knows how to do pompous properly. And how does he do it?

He takes his time. By the time 'Pictures Of You' has finished, we have bitten down our black fingernails in devotion. By 'Lullaby', they have grown back. The Cure have made sadness rightly enormous, and Sunday is an immeasurably better day because of it. They have, in fact, made us happy.

We leave for the tents, blinking mascara and backcombing furiously into the night...

John Robinson



It's that big sad Sunday night farewell from The Cure: let's go to bed

MAINSTAGE SUNDAY

IT'S OFFICIAL: even 150 miles away, there is NO escape. The bar is suddenly flush with sharp-looking types with CLEAN hair, CLEAN clothes and NON-SUNBURNT faces. Most bands on today's bill have enough glowing press to wallpaper the Astoria – but not enough fans to fill it. Yes, overnight the Camden moderatti have pulled off a bloodless coup – and Glastonbury is theirs.

Or is it? Because, as one unfortunate little mod feller soon discovers when his Cuban heels fall apart on him, Glastonbury can be tough on flashy-but-flimsy fashionability. Hence, even the most stylised bands take one look at the Mediterranean weather and thrill-seeking crowd and decide to get down and dusty in the name of festival frolics. Hurrah!

Local lads STRANGELOVE are too glum to make much of an effort but, after a plummeting start, DRUGSTORE – traditionally the sound of razor blades and a warm bath – dig up beaming smiles, jangly guitars and even a grin-tastic version of The Archies' 'Sugar Sugar'. From despair to flair...

...And a double ditto with brass knobs on for MARION. "You may have read that we're dark and moody," declares Jaime. "But you can forget all that shite." And then he turns into Jarvis Cocker. REALLY. He waggles his fingers! He murmurs wry Northern asides about waking

up stuck to leather sofas! And he wiggles his arse like a man who hasn't risked the toilets all weekend!

Couple this with rampant riff-strewn heroism and you're left with a band who aspire where others perspire and achieve what others can only attempt. Small wonder the crowd decide they're the Marion kind.

The day's pattern of impassioned reinvention interrupted by periods of spontaneous bonkersness is thereby set. And immediately spoilt by **THE VERVE** who attend the great Glasto Fancy Dress party as boring-snoring musos in possession of more noodles than the entire site's takeaways put together. And notably less tunes. "About time you heard a decent rhythm section!" chortles Mad Richard after a self-confessed "groove jam". "About time we went for a bit of a lie down, actually," retort the crowd.

They're back with their squealy kid sisters for the all-new **MENSWEAR**. Dapper Johnny in lengthy anti-Criminal Justice Act rant? Check. Distinctly 'rocker' type new song? Oh yes. Camden's top mods go crusty?!? Well, not quite, but they are finally moving on from merely looking like a great pop group to trying to SOUND like one too. 'Daydreamer' is already their very own 'Caught By The Fuzz': a gimmicky, but undeniably great record. Now all they need is a follow-up...

Perhaps **THE CHARLATANS** could lend them one. Because, as their perfect mid-afternoon set proves, they still have more chipper tunes than you can shake a 'mystic' rainstick at. Just as well too since, judging by the amount of crestfallen looks and 'Second Coming' T-shirts in the crowd, they also serve as The Bootleg Stone Roses. Careful on those bikes now, lads.

VERUCA SALT, meanwhile, have failed to smell which way the wind is blowing. "I'm going to take my shoes off so I can rock harder," announces Louise, reducing their usually sparky craft to a dull grunge thud. This involves 'axes' being held aloft, speeches being made on the "awesomeness" of the experience and finishing the gig lying down. Which will not do, frankly. They came, they saw, they conked out...

GENE also stutter when their triumphal, arms-aloft entrance is derailed by Rozzer falling flat on his arse, and amends are scarcely made by their initial attempts to out-rock Metallica, never mind Veruca bleeding Salt.

Eventually, however, 'London Can You Wait' is allowed to glimmer delightfully and 'Atomic' Rossiter returns to enquiring about the crowd's mothers. Then they do 'I Say A Little Prayer'. Yes, the Aretha Franklin one. And yes, it's really rather touching. Anything goes, by now.

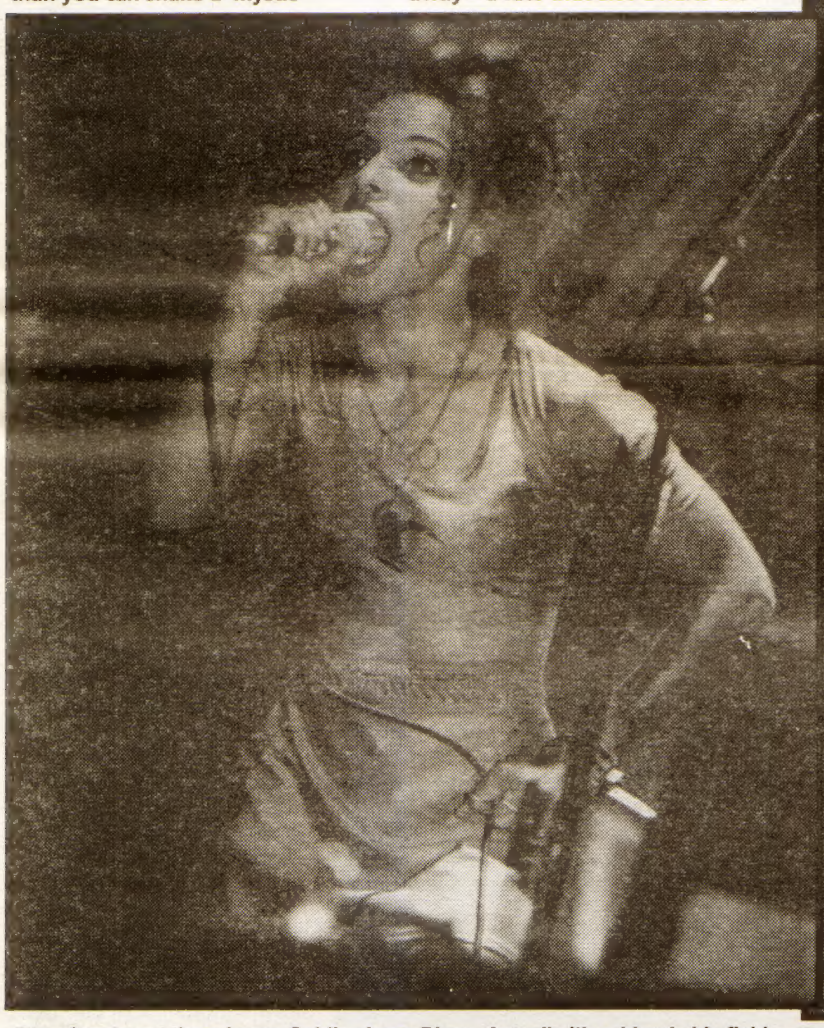
And so to **ELASTICA**. Surely Justine, Queen Of Indie Cool, will not melt in the warm glow of Glasto vibiness? Well, yes one jolly well will, actually. Within seconds of commencing one of THE sets of the weekend, she's asking Peter Fonda for a shag, dedicating 'Stutter' to "all the lay-deez in the house" and generally getting rather carried away – a fate that also awaits the stark naked bloke who streaks on stage during 'Vaseline'. He frolics there until felled by a deft trip from Annie whereupon Justine collapses with the giggles and the entire crowd follows suit. Forget the modness – this madness is clearly bigger than all of us...

...Though doubtless not as 'massive' as **GOLDIE**, the first *Blue Peter* dog to headline Glastonbury. Oh, alright, he's actually the first jungle artist to, erm, bore a few stragglers as they drift off home. But, hell, after the day we've had, we wouldn't be at all surprised to get home and find John Major has resigned, Jonah Lomu has been stopped in his tracks and Camden Town in the grips of a hippy revival.

Go styled in the country...

Mark Sutherland

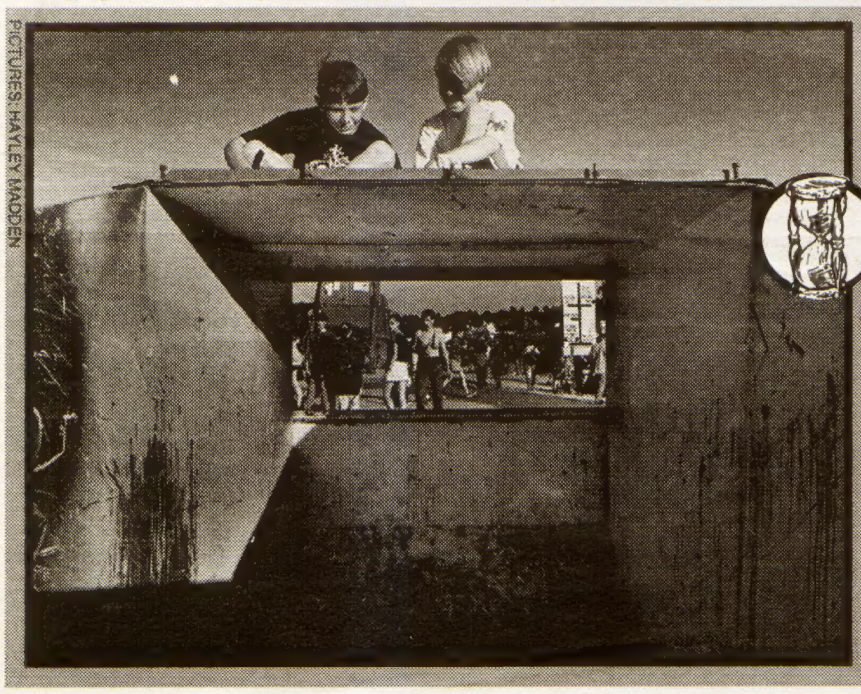
PICTURES: ANDY WILLSHER



'It's a jungle out there,' says Goldie singer Diane. Actually it's a bloody big field

That's not practical attire for a hot day in the country, young Johnny Menswear. At least Justine (inset) keeps her clothes on

PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN



Meanwhile...

SUNDAY, 8.15PM: Gene on the *NME* Stage, Richie Hawtin (aka Plastikman) on at the Dance Tent and (horror of horrors!) Simple Minds on the Main Stage. Michael and Joel, however, just can't be torn away from playing on the bins. "We're just having fun," says Joel.

SUNDAY, 10.15PM: Steeleye Span's 25th Anniversary Celebrations get underway on the Avalon Stage, Spearhead make what appears to be their 14th festival appearance on the Jazz Stage, while Carl Cox roughs up the techno fraternity at the Dance Tent. Nothing doing for Michael and Joel, though. "We're still here, mucking about," they say with pride.

GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL
1970-1995
25
YEARS
a celebration

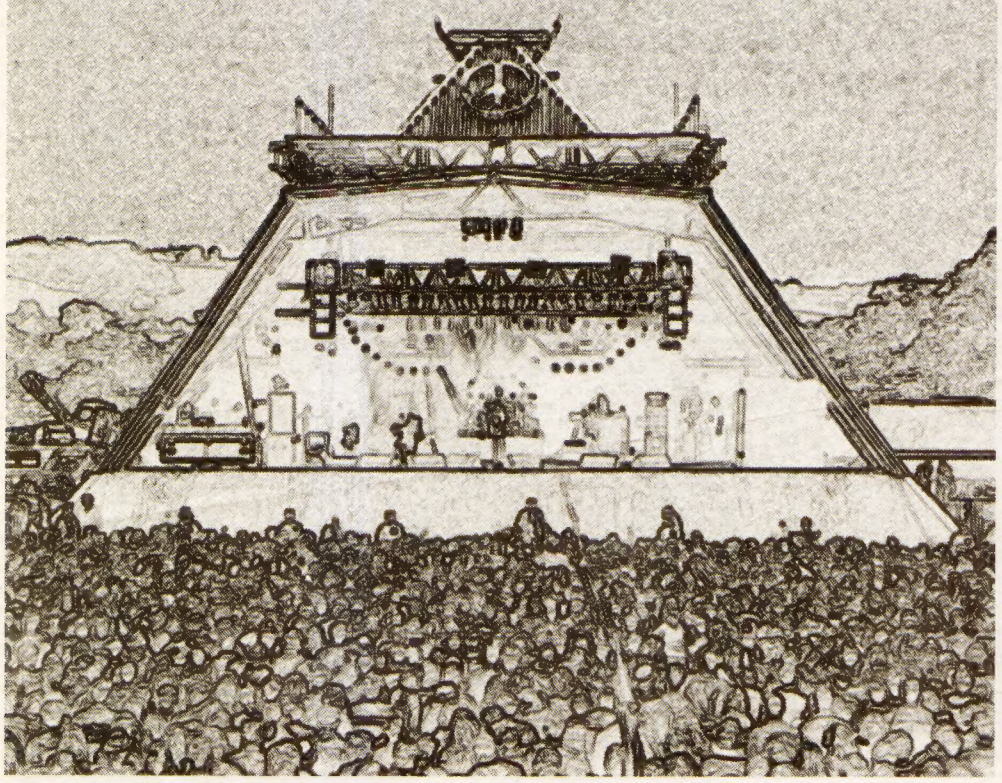
TO CELEBRATE THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL, AN ALBUM THAT FEATURES SOME RECENT FAVOURITES WHO HAVE GRACED IT'S STAGES.

1. **SOLSBURY HILL - *PETER GABRIEL***
2. **LIVE FOREVER - *OASIS***
3. **SIT DOWN - *JAMES***
4. **FIRE ON BABYLON - *SINEAD O'CONNOR***
5. **WILD WOOD - *PAUL WELLER***
6. **SHELLSHOCK - *NEW ORDER***
7. **HIGHER THAN THE SUN - *PRIMAL SCREAM***
8. **PUT THE MESSAGE IN THE BOX - *WORLD PARTY***
9. **ADVERT - *BLUR***
10. **SUNSHINE ON LEITH - *THE PROCLAIMERS***
11. **BECOMING MORE LIKE GOD - *JAH WOBBLE'S INVADERS OF THE HEART***
12. **MY IRON LUNG - *RADIOHEAD***
13. **A NEW ENGLAND - *BILLY BRAGG***
14. **SINSEMILLA - *BLACK UHURU***
15. **SHEEP - *THE HOUSEMARTINS***
16. **GOING BACK TO GLASTERS - *MIKE SCOTT***

(RECORDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS ALBUM)

Chrysalis

A PERCENTAGE OF THE PROFITS FROM THE SALE OF THIS CASSETTE AND CD WILL BE DONATED TO GREENPEACE.



'LIKE CROATIA

● So, apart from ace music, what was it actually like "out there" on the fringes of Glasto's thrilling fields? SYLVIA PATTERSON ventured far to bring back the festival's uniquely weird *zeitgeist*. "Tanks for the memories!" she dribbled several days, a large bottle of vodka and cream soda, and a million insane encounters later...

"Would you like me to give you a didgeridoo massage?" Hello? "All you have to do is lie down and I'll blow on you."

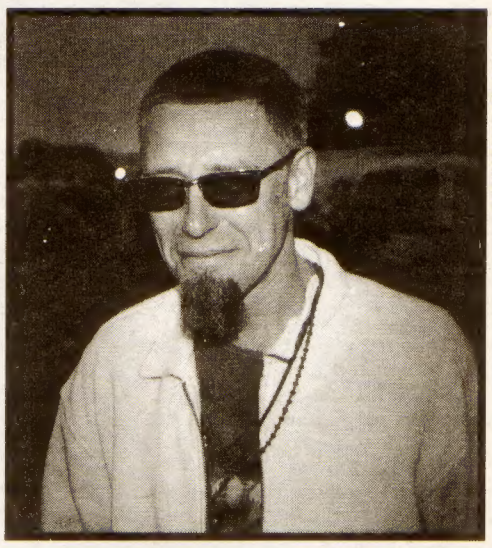
You know where you are with Glastonbury. You're standing in the middle of a field with several hundred million other people of no fixed clue being 'didge'-massaged by a man who appears to be wearing an action painting. ("Massage" effects: "Tee hee hee!" and, erm, that's it.)

It was the 25th Anniversary and the Glasto that brought down the Government (possibly), as late on Thursday night 20,000 gate-crashers, fuelled by the news of 'our' 'leader''s 'demise', booted in the fence at the back of the Green Fields, yowled "The Revolution starts at The World Of Wind!" and then immediately forgot all about it in a quest for the revolution, like, *within*.

Girl in Panama hat: "I don't know where my neck is."

You don't want to be backstage, kids. Backstage is where you've got Math from Dodgy telling you an elaborate lie about Sting serenading the revolutionaries on their way in, Matt from Menswear telling you their soundman died for 15 minutes last night and sat bolt upright again saying "Coo, that was a bit special!", Rick Witter deciding it's "dead good" that across the landscape the beleaguered bog-bound are declaring "I'm just off to the Rick Witter", Robbie Take That saying, "Hello, I'm Billy Idol!" and, furthermore, "did you know that gullible is the most used word in the French language" before being chatted up by Noel Gallagher and half the universal populus, J 'Miroquai' wobbling his tonsils in pre-gig 'workout' "*scoo-bee-doo-urrgh-uurgh!!*", 10,000 people saying "isn't that Jarvis a smashing fellow?" and Mark Gardener going to the bathroom up against a tree.

You don't even want to be in front of the stage half the time where The Dave Mathews Band supplies the backdrop to the flying beancurd cutlet landing on your neck. Nah. You want to be out there, mate, OUT THERE, where The Real People are. Or, if you will, lots of people with their eyebrows doing the resurrection shuffle in an effort to relocate their tent/shoes/mates/plot.



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Adam Clayton rocks the crap Michael Eavis look

Bloke who looks like Keith Prodigy (the undisputed King Of Rock'n'Roll™, incidentally): "I'll just go'n get me devil stick..."

Hippy. "I can't see the field! Where's the f—ing *field*, man!"

Bloke drinking a family-sized bottle of vodka 'n' creaming soda: "But I don't understand! I don't know what a good arse *is*!"

TWO YEARS ago, it was big hats. Last year it was pierced chins. This year it was even bigger hats with flapaway, triple fold-out, pointy Dr Zeuss bits for extra gonzo factor and people dressed up as the Devil. And army breeks and Tank Girl, especially the hair-free fellow in the yellow specs called Johnny who came here in his very own tank and has just joined the Territorial Army "to get fit" (and possibly become a Fashion Dictator – hur hur!)

All else, however, remains the same. You load up on drugs and kill your friends and spend three days wombling all over a field and feel awe-struck by the fact your legs move without you even *thinking* about it.

So your legs take themselves to the 'Acoustic' Tent where a nice chap from Bexley Heath will tell you his interesting story about his mate who went up to the beer-tent and asked for a glass of water "so he could put his sister's tampons in it". Hur? Or the posh gent in the beard 'n' cords who insists "apparently, doughnuts have an auto-erotic smell" before insisting, "Galliano are quite good" and Evan Dando is really a nice geezer "be-devilled" by the music industry. Uh-huh.

On go the legs, on past the unicyclists, past the Reflexology stall (could be worse, eh kids, you could massage three-day-dung-encrusted feet for a living – aaaargh!), the anti-War No More Hiroshimas campaigner who declares "global racism" as the cause of all the world's wars, past the 'Build Your Own Windmill' stall (like, what with? Three egg-whisks and a wheelbarrow or *what*?), three persons dressed up as lollipop ladies with "Stop!" signs which makes you pretend to be Dick Dastardly shouting "Stop the pigeon!" at 12 million decibels where they were protesting at the use of kestrels' knee in gobstoppers or something, on to the hinterland of 15-year-olds minged out of their mong on "f—ing hectic stuff, man!" cider to the place where we find persons who are nutters for a living.

Some people who are nutters for a life got married in the Green Fields this year but here in the 'Cabaret' Field we have a wailing bride who is belting her wilted posie off the backs of the heads of blokes having a stroll with their beloveds. "Woohoohoo!" she goes, "five years I spent with you and now you're with

PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

The search for the Roses' back-up singer continues (top) while one poor bod's search ends

WITH A BIT OF MUSIC...'

her!"

Erm, can I ask you what you're doing?

"Woo-hoo-haaargh!"

Ah. Too upset to speak, then?

"They're all BASTARDS!"

Fair point, the nutter. Oh look, there's Circus Fudge Presents: a bloke in a doctor's coat with a crash helmet on, some goggles and – yes! – an ironing board.

Have you ever thought that life is like an ironing board? Nutter: "Erm, well I suppose you can surf on it, can't you?"

Certainly, sir.

Woman who has fallen so far out of her tree she is trying to open a can of spaghetti with a bottle of cider: "F— you and your sandwiches!"

Carl who used to be out of Brother Beyond: "This is like Croatia with a bit of music."

Bloke with no teeth: "I'm staying at Jan's – I've just been reprimanded 'til September."

Bloke who turns out to be the chap who wrote *Father Ted* on the telly coming out of a Portaloo at 4.30am Friday night with his arms in the air and eyeballs doing the Fandango because he is a Glastonbury Virgin on three E's: "Orbital! Orbital are *on!*" and runs off into the sunset to quite possibly someone playing Radio Avalon in their car because Orbital do not appear for another 20 hours. That's "religion" for you.

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

Blokes 'minged' out of their 'mong', apparently...

"WHATSH THEM funny thingsh, maan?"

If it's the Green Fields it's that funny thingsh moment as three spectacularly blootered ravers spot the Solar Wind Boxes ie, some stand-up bits of wood with Woody Woodpecker holes in them. Stand in their midst and – hey! – something "activates" and you, too, can listen to the sound of a spook voice fizzling in a sensurround gurgle going, "Body ma empty mahatma white noise."

Blootered raver: "Sounds like they've put a microphone in the bogs!"

Spectacularly banzai-ed crusty with spliff aloft: "Wow, man!" (and it wasn't Evan Dando).

It's also the place where a green Datsun is parked by a hedge with a ladder on the roof reckoning itself A Notion For A Solar Airship, someone who insists his name is Jack Daniels thinks, "why take one bottle of cider into the communal toilets when you can take two!" is the funniest joke ever told, dead people lie embalmed in their Joe Bananas blankets and you sight a person who is wearing the door to a castle in chainmail and with a five-foot chimney on his head.

Could it possibly be them? Like f—!

So, what have you come as?

"Myself."

Why this old thing? This is what I wear when I don't care *what* I look like! Erm, that's from *It's A Wonderful Life*. I think.

"It's a wonderful life? Well, that's good to hear. 'Cos it is, when you *really* think about it, innit?"

Not all the time, mate. Not with the bogs an' all. Not when you fell asleep in a ditch "listening" to Sleeper (hence the so-called bloody name), not when you are awoken at 9.40am by the booming whirr of the voice of STING!, but if it's going to be wonderful it's probably going to be at Glastonbury where we are a gigantic oneness of survival against all 'odds' even when the "tripsh" you bought were the last of someone's bog-roll and you're "backy" is not so much "wacky" as "fallen down the back of the latrine when you were pretending to be PJ Harvey delivering a racoon up a gum tree on Mars".

It is, officially, the biggest party the isles of Britain has once a year, the place where Keith Prodigy *is* The King Of Rock'n'Roll™, a place where you don't give a flying bongo what your eyebrows look like, you are unlikely to be punched in the neck for having a haircut that resembles a purple giraffe and a place where, as some old duffer once said, you are free to do whatever you like, you need only face the consequences.

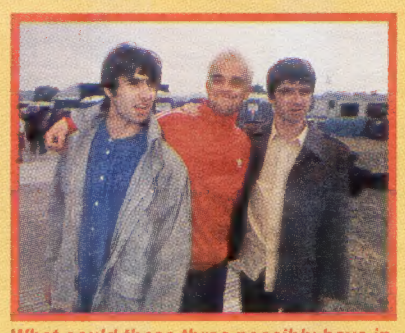
And then forget about them until next year because, as we know, we are all of us insane. *Avanti!*

UPPERS

- The bloke who gave ambulance staff £140 after they revived him from a severe narcotic folly. "You've saved my life! Take this!" he gibbered.
- Quote of the festival from Noel Gallagher: "An' ere's our new fookin' song, an' I wrote it on the fookin' boos an' if you don't like it you can fook off! An' it doesn't mean fook all."
- The Boo Radleys' silver Ferrari backstage.
- Robbie Williams from Take That leading the line, as it were, in top socialising behaviour. Trashed!
- The sight of old punk generals Joe Strummer, Mick Jones and Chrissie Hynde camping backstage.
- The ubiquitous presence of The Chemical Brothers, wielding sledgehammers and threatening to be Menswear's sound engineers.
- 2,000 frazzled punters watch the Cottle Sisters' trapeze artists doing frankly terrifying things at one o'clock in the morning.
- Ash celebrating the end of their 'A' levels by necking everything in sight and shouting "I'm mad for it, me!" in hopeless Mancunian accents.
- Paul Hartnoll from Orbital invades the *NME* production office and cheekily starts to read his own review on the laptop.
- Hysteria and wild scenes backstage on Friday afternoon that the chopper about to land contained The Rolling Stones who would be making an unannounced appearance. It was the *NME* Bratcopter with Supergrass. Hurrah!

DOWNERS

- The bootleg busters. A heavy-handed and publicity-driven scam.
- Evan Dando doesn't get it together to play his show on time, and then fannies around on top of a van with his guitar instead.
- Sice of the Boo Radleys throws a fruity at the end of their gig and nearly kills his trumpet player when he hurls his guitar across the stage.
- On Saturday afternoon, the backstage area becomes engulfed with away-day music biz tossers, reeking of aftershave and dumbly ignoring the freestyle festival vibe.
- Boag from These Animal Men is beaten around the head by an unknown assailant with a length of scaffolding.
- Flash idiots driving golf carts. That means you, Mark Lamarr.
- Lard-arsed cameramen clambering over the stages, blocking off the action from the punters.
- Crowd bottlenecks. Inevitably just beside the sun-fermented latrines.
- Scallies in jester hats.
- Tank Girl clones. The film was crap and so were you.



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

What could these three possibly have in common? A love of cornflakes, perhaps?

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

Dancing thru the night – and the next day...and night after that... and the (OK, OK! – Ed)

WAKE UP! BOOGIE!

● After 25 years dance finally went legal and the party non-stop

WATCHING THE sun rise over another scorching Pilton morning from the relative sanity of the Green Field, soothed by the liquid tones from a sound system powered by ten sweating but blissful hippies on exercise bikes, Glastonbury looks a very different festival to the video-screened, big name band-fest that forms its nucleus.

After Channel 4's full-on coverage of the *NME* and Pyramid Stages kicked in last year, Glastonbury is less the alternative planet it once was, more a magnet for those in search of sun, sex and indie music, with just a smidgeon of hippy romance thrown in. It's also home to a whole parallel universe.

Ask the dripping ambient pedallers who've they've come to see and they give you a blank look. It's not about 'seeing' anything. It's about 'being', er, man.

Dawn breaks. Bodies, squeezed dry of every last bead of sweat, wander through a sea of tee-pees. A 50-foot fairytale sculpture with silver towers glints surreally as the sun gets higher and begins to warm the blanket-clad casualties all around. Down in the market area there are still hundreds dancing to the wired, hyperactive acid house pumping from systems on the T-shirt stalls. Everywhere you look it's festival nirvana – people snogging, chilling on the grass or catching a bit of sleep before the madness starts again.

Up on the hillside, a single strobe flashes limply in the light as the sound of deep jungle clatters its way down the valley, smartly punctuated with indecipherable battle cries from the ragga MC. The sound systems are back, too, it seems, after two tough years of stringent crackdowns and the festival feels better for it. They say Glastonbury's like a city – a city with upwards of 50 venues all firing on a Saturday night high the whole weekend long. A city where you can find anything from handbag to hardcore to ecologically sound chill-out, legal or renegade.

If the fact that a dance stage even exists seems like a victory for a culture that's been an integral part of the whole festival atmosphere for years, then it's also worth noting that three of the biggest acts spawned by it have also avoided the roll-on-roll-off cavalcade of acts that the two central stages can be.

So we even get an official sound system this year – **MASSIVE ATTACK** taking over the all new Dance Tent for Friday fried in smoky dub, trip-hop and blunted hip-hop, probably the point where the festival's mainstream and underground come closest to meeting. It's the perfect initiation into the weekend – relaxed but urgent, gently building to Massive's fully fledged live set in a sardine-can of a tent, packed and humid.

If the untutored energy of Glasto's unofficial underbelly was on show earlier, Massive Attack themselves do a good job of turning it into an accessible, radio friendly pop noise without letting their occasional bland chart soul tendencies seep out too often. When Tracey Thorn joins them for a smoothed out 'Meltdown' and then 'Protection', the Radio 2 factor takes over but, given a vibed-up audience and the kind of bass rumbles that could probably be heard in Bristol, it's easy to forgive them everything but the catastrophic encore of 'Light My Fire.'

PORTISHEAD, too, who could surely have commanded a Pyramid Stage slot, opt instead to turn the Acoustic Tent – which looked more like a sunburnt roadies convention for the rest of the weekend – into the biggest smoke-filled ballroom on site for their Saturday night secret blowout. The typical mayhem that results from trying to fit an estimated 15,000 people into a tent set aside for one man warbling with his guitar not only means an hour-and-a-half delay but makes getting anything near a decent vantage point virtually impossible.

That doesn't stop everyone cheering like a Cup Final crowd every time a track from 'Dummy' smooches gracefully into action, or hooting in delight the precious few times that Beth Gibbons opens her sweet mouth. Portishead earn it too, sounding simpler and more skeletal than on record, Geoff Barrow's scratching coasting seamlessly over understated live grooves that owe as much to The Doors as Mo'Wax and the Bristol sound. And when they return, beaming, for a reprise of 'Glory Box' that starts in dark minor chords and ends in psycho rock, you glimpse what the future could hold in store.

While **TRICKY** causes the same crammed mayhem at the Jazz Stage, the next generation of jazz-dance chartoppers also show out; **RED SNAPPER**'s double bass-heavy lolloping hoists them well above any jazz-wank accusations and **EARTHLING** embellish their sometimes also-ran rap with a layer of tripped-out ambience missing on their disappointing 'Radar' album.

Down at the Dance Tent, **J SAUL KANE** aka **DEPTHCHARGE** drops kung-fu samples over The Beastie Boys. The succession of DJs means there's no let-up to the partying (save the midnight curfew – one disadvantage of going legal) and the tent is consistently rammed throughout the weekend.

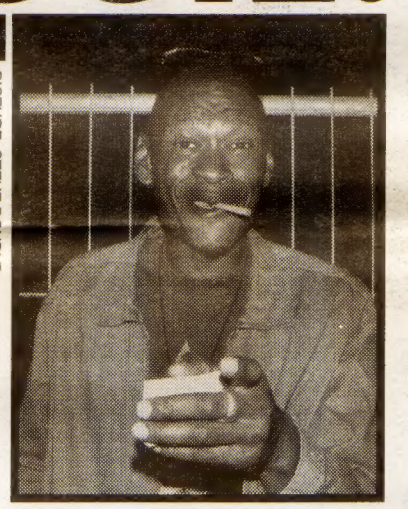
With the majority of the live bill dominated by the trance-techno pack – Megadog faves like Steve Hillage's **SYSTEM 7**, **THE DRUM CLUB** and **EAT STATIC** taking up the key slots – there are precious few surprises on Saturday and Sunday for anyone who's ever set foot in a Dog bash but death-stomp dancefloor techno is precisely what the crowd wants and they lap it up.

Certainly no-one seems to be taking up the local authority's offer of free ear plugs from the vending machine outside. Even Detroit technomeister **RICHIE HAWTIN** plays a relatively conservative set but his ability to work a crowd from the decks as well as in his live **PLASTIKMAN** guise ignites the throng. More f—ed up and playful than his Brit contemporaries, it's exactly this careful balance of accessibility and weirdness – as well as the kind of charisma that'd make him look cool blowing fluff off a needle – that's earned him the ever-growing posse of lookalikes and T-shirt-clad devotees in evidence here.

It's a combination that **AUTECHRE**, too, are coming close to mastering. Their brand new set welds industrial strength electroisms with junglist attention to wild rhythms of the non-techno variety. If they and **HIGHER INTELLIGENCE AGENCY** (bang on form with another near-new set) hadn't been on when the world and its tentflaps were just opening up for party business, they'd have stormed it.

Still, if this year is any indication, the dance stage is set to become as much of a Glasto fixture as sunstroke and bad toilets. Or, indeed, hippy-powered sound systems. So, on your bike for next year!

Ben Willmott



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Massive Attack's Daddy G chills out after a storming Friday all-dayer

Meanwhile...

PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN

SUNDAY, 11.30PM:
Goldie at the *NME* Stage, Gil Scott-Heron on the Jazz Stage and Limn Gaza presenting 'The Madcap – Syd Barrett, Psychedelia And The '60s' at the Cabaret Marquee. Matt and Lee are not concerned with matters pertaining to dislocated shoulders. "We just want to say, well done Liam for getting your hair cut," by no way of explanation at all.

SUNDAY, 4.00AM:
Ritual bonding in the Healing Area, sound-system madness winding down in all corners of the site, with mass searches for firewood the order of the early day. Siobhan takes time out from the madness. "This is my first Glasto," she beams, "but no way is it the last."